

*The second part of*

In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,  
And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,  
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:  
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,  
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,  
VVhen meanes and lauish manners meete together,  
Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,  
Towards fronting peril and opposde decay?

*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,  
The prince but studies his companions,  
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:  
Tis needfult that the most immodest word,  
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,  
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,  
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,  
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,  
Cast off his followers, and their memory  
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,  
By which his grace must mete the liues of other,  
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

*King.* Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,  
In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse  
Added to that that I am to deliuer,  
Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.  
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,  
Are brought to the correction of your law:  
There is not now a rebels sword vntheathd,  
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,  
The manner how this action hath bin borne,  
Here at more leifure may your highnesse reade,  
With euery course in his particular.

*King.* O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,  
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes, *enter Harcor.*  
*Hare.*

*Henry the fourth*

*Flare.* From enemies, heauens  
And when they stand against you,  
As those that I am come to tell you  
The Earle Northumberland, and th  
With a great power of English, and  
Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ou  
The manner, and true order of the  
This packet, please it you, containe

*Ki.* And wherfore should these g  
Will Fortune neuer come with bot  
But wet her faire words stil in foul  
She either giues a stomach, and no  
Such are the poore in health: or elf  
And takes away the stomach, such  
That haue abundance, and enioy  
I should reioyce now at this happy  
Aud now my sight failes, and my b  
O me, come neare me, now I am m

*Hum.* Comfort your maiesty.

*Clar.* O my royall father!

*West.* My soueraigne Lord, che

*War.* Be patient princes, you do  
Are with his highnesse verry ordina  
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel  
*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hol  
Th'incessant care and labour of his  
Hath wrought the Mure that shou  
So thin that life looks through.

*Hum.* The people feare me, fo  
Vnfather d'heires, and lothly birth  
The seasons change their manners  
Had found some moneths a sleepe

*Clar.* The riuer hath thrice flow  
And the old folk, (Times doting  
Say, it did so a little time before  
That our great grandfire Edward,